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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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Our New Society Reporter.

He had not been in the business very long, and in some unaccountable way had become imbued with the idea that it was necessary part of the business to indulge in exaggeration; to make free use of such expressions as *recherché*, *bon vivant*, elegant, handsome, exquisite, magnificent, gorgeous, splendid, brilliant; and in accordance with this strange notion, which every body knows to be ridiculous, he wrote up an altogether unpretentious meeting of a few friends of which he had casually heard, entitling his article "Society Brilliante," indulging in the lavish use of superlatives, and fixing up the whole affair in fine style and perfectly regardless of expense.

Ordinarily these rare cases of reportorial indiscretion are kindly overlooked by the victims, but in this instance the avenger was speedily on the track of our young man, the "wealthy and distinguished citizen" coming to the office to kill him, within two days after the publication of the glowing tribute to his princely hospitality.

"Look here," said he, "what in the h--ll do you mean by printing that confounded slush about me?"

We assured him that it was no doubt our young man's desire to please and compliment him.

"Compliments be d--d," he savagely interrupted. "Where is the infernal idiot? I'd like to have about five minutes' earnest conversation with him."

There was blood in our visitor's eye, and although we knew that the offender was at that moment cowering in fear and trembling in an inner office, listening to the conversation, we felt that here was a case wherein we would be justified in deviating from the strict line of truth so we told him in a broken voice as we wiped away a transient tear, that the young man was now lying at the point of death from brain fever, superinduced by the great mental and bodily strain upon him of running down and writing up facts about "John W. Smith, Esq., being in Columbus" and such.

The gleam of satisfaction that lit up the eye of our visitor at hearing this, assured us that the crisis was safely passed, and we ventured to ask an explanation of this unwonted display of ire.

"Well," said he, "I'll give you the bottom facts about that affair at my residence the other night, and you will not blame me for feeling savage about that rot you published, and which every paper in town worked over and reproduced. You see, I'm in a pretty tight place just now, and some of my friendly creditors, of whom there are few enough, God knows, came around to discuss the situation with me and see what could be done to save me. Some of them brought their wives along, to sort of cheer up mine, and that's the whole extent of it."

"And the delicious repast?"

"Well, we had some pretty good water that my wife borrowed of one of the neighbors. Our water was turned off a month ago."

"Then the light fantastic toe wasn't tripped?"

"Not to an extent. The only one of the party that wanted to dance was a half drunken brother of mine, who had both legs shot off during the war; and as to that very pretty quotation, 'And bright the lamps'--"

"I hate to admit it but, but the assembled guests, who spent one of the most enjoyable evenings of their existence, had to pull through on the stub end of one candle. Now, what sort of a compromise do you suppose I can make with the balance of my creditors? Why, I've had no less than twenty-five dunning letters, coming from your description of my high priced entertainment. Here's one of 'em from my grocer; now, listen," and he read: "Before you square up for that 'delicious repast' which you spread at your 'Society Brilliante,' I wish you would pay me for that ham I let you have last November one year ago."

It was a pretty hard case, we couldn't help but acknowledge, and

we were wondering how in the world we could get rid of our share of responsibility for his desperate situation, when he came to the rescue with, "To show you how hard pushed I really am, I am even put to the extremity of asking you, a total stranger, for the loan of two dollars until to-morrow."

And now we know we are free and shall never see him again, for he got the money. --[Cincinnati Saturday Night.

A Doctor, Preacher, and Teacher.

On Tuesday last, a gentleman apparently about 55 years of age, and a young lady not exceeding 16, registered at the Hotel, as man and wife. Their devotion indicated to the usual hotel loungers that there was something racy in this union, and it was whispered that it was a "run away scrape." The gentleman registered in bold and elegant calligraphy J. B. Duracy and wife, Lexington, Ky. A room was assigned the happy couple and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

But the gentleman had miscalculated. He had not gone far enough. Dr. Palmer came in during the next evening and recognizing the gentleman saluted him with "how are you Dr. Hammock?" This of course was a "dead give away." Dr. Hammock had business on the C. S.; which took him off on the accommodation train that evening, while the blushing bride (I) was left to follow, on No. 6, after being "fired" by the proprietor, Mr. Lewis. The language used by her on that occasion being more expressive than elegant would seem to indicate that she was not the refined lady her appearance implied. She "cussed" out the manager before she left.

A little inquiry developed the startling fact that Dr. J. H. Hammock, the subject of this scandal, resides at Glen Mary, where he has a family. He is a physician, has been a teacher and is a sort of a one-horse preacher. The wife of the hotel manager after his identification recognized him as a teacher to whom she had gone to school in Indiana.

Two gentlemen came down the C. S. looking for this couple on Thursday last. The lady's name has not been learned by the people here. The next time the doctor attempts this game he had better go further or he might have worse. --[Rockwood (Tenn.) Republican.

The Gushing Girl.

Gushing girls are numerous. They are found almost at every turn. Their characteristics are so marked that they can not be mistaken. They go into ecstasies over the most trifling matters, a very common place potato is declared to be "magnificent," nicely baked waffles are "elegant," ginger-pop is "superb," and so on, until they exhaust their stock of adjectives. These girls are also remarkable for the manner in which they slobber or gush over each other; one kiss and embrace are insufficient, as is proved by the fact that they are perpetually hugging and caressing somebody.

That such girls are a nuisance, every one must admit; their affection is abominable, and their silly slobbering equally unpleasant. A certain class of men like their society, because they can have greater freedom with them than with girls who respect themselves and their surroundings. The gushing girl rarely amounts to any thing, so fellow of true spirit cares to marry her, and few persons feel complimented by being numbered among her acquaintances.

A SMALL BOY'S PRAYER.--The Middletown Mercury tells the following: A lady residing in this village, the mother of a bright little boy, was talking to him the other night, just as she was putting him to bed, about the efficacy of prayer, and told him that if he would ask God for any thing that he particularly desired she had no doubt his request would be granted. The little fellow knelt at his mother's knee and prayed God to send him fifty little sisters and 100 little brothers. The prayer was never finished, for the mother, agitated at the prospect of having her house turned into an orphan asylum, lifted the boy to his feet and tucked him into bed without a moment's unnecessary delay.

Bankrupts have a hard time in China, a broker of the silk firm of the Red Peacock chop of Shanghai, which has suspended payments, was walking on the street when he was set upon by a crowd of bankers, creditors of the firm, who carried him off to a house, where they hung him up by the queue so that his feet were off the ground, and otherwise maltreated him.

Plain English the Better.

Your servant says: "A man told me so;" the most learned and elegant of your acquaintances would be likely to say on the same occasion: "A certain person informed me." Here the person is not a certain but an uncertain one, and the thing told may have not a thing in it of information. Year by year our language loses something of its propriety and force. It is doubtful whether, in the no longer unlettered but still ignorant ranks of the English people, a sound and honest vulgarism exists as it did when Landor wrote. A footman nowadays would be more likely to say he had been "informed" than that he had been "told." The plain yeoman who, at that period, might have said it had cost him a deal of money to build a house, would now tell us that he had expended a considerable sum in erecting a residence. We no longer eat and drink, we "partake of refreshments," and we contrive by some miracle to "partake" even when we dine alone. Affected rusticity of speech is as much to be shunned as affected anything else. The true vulgar were never guilty of it. Those whose vulgarism has been named "Philistinism," and the term is terribly significant--are guilty of all affections that a plain man's mind can conceive and detect. But if we need not be rustic, we need not be a roundabout. The simplest words are always best; and so unerringly does their habitual use indicate a clear mind, an earnest meaning and a sincere intent, that he will always be better worth listening to who never says "arrive" when he should say come, nor "proceed" when he might say "go." --[Godfrey Turner.

How SHE LOST HIM.--There were tears in the soft blue eyes as she raised her head from his shoulder and in response to his urgent request to know what was the matter, sobbingly she said: "Papa failed to-day; lost every cent he had in the world. But that won't make any difference in your feelings for me, George, will it?" And she threw a look of entreaty at him that might have melted a cast iron elevated railway director.

"No," returned the implacable youth calmly, "my feelings for you changed some time ago."

Then he slid out of her arms as if he had been greased and was gone forever. --[Brooklyn Eagle.

NOT ON ACCOUNT OF LIQUOR.--A rule forbidding the drinking of liquor by the employees of a Canadian railroad has just been adopted. Such a rule is always in order, but the records of railroad accidents in the United States do not show that drink has been the cause of very many of them. Stupidity, carelessness, disobedience, the fatigue of overworked hands and the infuriating of men willing to take laborer's wages with work requiring intelligence and a sense of responsibility to be had for the money, have been at the bottom of the majority of the most notable mishaps. --[New York Sun.

Men like Flotow and Wagner are stricken down and die in this eventful year, while not a man is missing among the fellows who could so easily be spared. The man next door with a flute, the wretch across the way with an accordion, and the villain who persists in cornet practice in the most crowded part of the city still live.

Enemies of civil service reform are pronouncing the civil service commission a failure ere it is fairly organized. The motives of all opponents of the measure, especially those who are unwilling to grant it a fair open trial, can be fairly stated as a degraded sympathy with the pernicious spoils system. --[Penny Post.

When milk is once contaminated--and it is a wonderfully active absorbent of gases--nothing can be done to make it perfectly pure again. More butter is spoiled "at the pail" than during any other process through which the milk and butter pass.

A foot-harpy sailor, who put to sea from San Francisco August 19, in an eight-foot dory, for Australia, was picked up by a cutter off Queensland in an exhausted condition. He had lost his instruments and his provisions by the capizing of his boat.

A Lewiston young lady who went into a store to buy a pair of gloves for her young man, couldn't remember what the size of his hand was. She knew, however, that he wore a 14 collar, if the clerk could tell anything by that.

Ab, me! I am an "independent party" no longer. --[David Davis.

What Our Press Friends Say About Brother Barnes' Letters.

Rev. Geo. O. Barnes continues to correspond for the Stanford INTERIOR JOURNAL, his home paper. His letters are doubly interesting since he reached a foreign shore. We will give liberal extracts, but those wanting full letters we refer to the JOURNAL. --[Paris Kentuckian.

The over-sea letters of Rev. Geo. O. Barnes are all to be found in the INTERIOR JOURNAL, Stanford, Ky. He has been corresponding with that paper ever since the beginning of his labors as an evangelist, and just now, while he is trying his power with a new people, all that he writes will be read with interest. Several letters have already appeared in the INTERIOR JOURNAL postmarked on the other side, and we have had great trouble with the exchange fund on that account. Persons who desire to keep thoroughly posted upon the movements of Bro. Barnes and the incidents of his career in England, will do well to subscribe for the INTERIOR JOURNAL. --[Frankfort Yeoman.

HOGS AND BACON.--An exchange says: "As cold weather passes away, and spring approaches, less attention is being given by buyers to the weight of hogs and more to quality. It is the smooth, trim hog that will be wanted from this forward. The active season for the manufacture of lard closes with the cold weather and the rush for lard or heavy hogs is over with the winter packing season. Breakfast bacon and small hams are the great articles of manufacture by packers during the spring and summer months and it is such 'porkers' that can be worked best into this product that is most sought after, and realize the best price during this season. And the country shipper that seeks to supply this demand to the best advantage must meet with great success."

Judge Barr has made the following order in the United States Court at Covington: "All pleadings, etc., shall be written in a plain, legible hand, without interlineations or erasures, materially defacing the same and be written on good legal-cap paper, and on one side only." The Judge is demanding an impossibility. Take away their miserable writing some lawyers would have no reputation for anything.

The veritable wagon in which John Brown carried runaway negroes from Missouri, and in which the ammunition used at Harper's Ferry by Brown's men was carried, has been sold to Herbert S. Farfall, editor of the Iowa City Republican, of West Liberty, Ia., who will put the old vehicle into use as an office delivery wagon.

"I think," said a fond parent, "that little Jimmy is going to be a poet when he grows up. He doesn't eat and he sits all day by the fire and thinks and thinks." "You had better grease him all over," said Aunt Jerusha. "He's going to have the measles. That's what ails Jimmy."

A book agent tried to sell a Cincinnati Irishman a copy of "Hawthorne." Pat looked at the title and then at the canvasser. "Higher water, is it?" says he; "he jabs the wather in these diggin's is quite high enough, me b'y, for any decent mon. So be off wid yez!"

THREE SEASONS IN FLORIDA.--A southern journal says there are three seasons in Florida--the orange, the vegetable and invalid; the last paying the best. In the summer the Floridians live on yams and sugar-cane, and in the winter on Yankees.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad sent a suit of clothes, a free pass and a purse of money to a small boy, who, finding a tree one night last week blown down across the railroad, built a fire on the track, and, waving a torch, stopped the train.

An Illinois court has given a depositor in a broken bank a verdict against the directors personally, the judge holding that they were responsible for money received after they knew of the bank's insolvency, as they did in this instance.

It is said that inhaling the fumes of sulphur will cure catarrh. The course which many people pursue in this life gives promise that they won't be afflicted with catarrh in the next. --[Cin. Saturday Night.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little ones accustoms them to defeat.

Thousands bear witness to the positive curative power of the Great German Inhalator. See advertisement. Sold by Penny & McAlister, Stanford.

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Miss Ellen Mann, of Brocton, Ill., says her physicians gave her up as a hopeless consumptive, but four bottles of Dealing's New Discovery cured her. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

George W. Riddle, of Blue Mound, Ill., writes that Brown's Expectant cured him of a severe cold after everything else had failed. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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Because your house, or your goods, or your live stock, or your other property have not been burnt or injured by fire or lightning, is no guaranty that they cannot be. Don't you think then, that it would be prudent to secure indemnity in case such loss or damage should occur? I offer you this at the lowest rates obtainable in any first-class insurance company. I represent seven and you may take your choice. 94-96 JNO. H. PHILIPS.

NOTICE!

Neither of us having the time to attend to the collecting and settling up of our old firm business, we have secured the services of Mr. E. Peyton to attend to it. He is authorized by us to collect and receipt for all accounts due us.

128-130 J. H. McALISTER, H. C. BRIGHT, Stanford, Mar. 9.

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